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come moderately accessible to professed students, but they are almost beyond the reach of ordinary readers. Should these suggestions meet the eye of the author, we hope that in another edition (which is not far behind) he will insert a map in each of these volumes, particularly as so many persons borrow such books from libraries or take them in clubs.

Mr. Kirk, in his quiet Preface, has modestly referred to his relation to Mr. Prescott. That eminent man, in the Preface to his *Philip the Second*, had recorded his personal regard for Mr. Kirk, and his high opinion of his talents. The author of these volumes will deem it no small reward for his labors if they place him by the side (as they bid fair to do) of his honored friend and master.

10.—*My Farm of Edgewood: a Country Book.* By the Author of “Reveries of a Bachelor.” New York: Charles Scribner. 1863. 12mo. pp. 319.

THIS pleasant book deserves the warm welcome it has received from the public. Ten years of farming life have made Mr. Mitchell only the better author. They have not deprived his style of its old refinement and grace, and they have given to it new robustness and vigor. He writes now not like a sentimental youth, but as a man of practical experience, good feeling, and good sense; and if here and there in this volume, especially at the beginning, there is a strain of his former mannerism, it serves to give a zest to the fresher and better portions of the book.

Nor is the excellence of the book simply literary. It has substantial merit as a practical treatise on Farming Life in New England. It is for farmers to read, no less than for mere lovers of the country or of country books. Mr. Mitchell has unusual skill in putting his experience, his culture, his taste, his delicate perceptions, into such literary forms as to make them of use to others. His hints, suggestions, and advice are, moreover, enforced by his success. He has proved his right to teach, and he will not want hearers.

There is one blemish in the book which we regret, and which we trust Mr. Mitchell will remove as unworthy of his better sense,—an occasional sneer as of indifference to the national interests of this time. He says, (p. 77,) “The American eagle is (or was) a fine bird,” as if it were the less fine now that its wings are loosed and it spreads them for freer flight. We, he says, (p. 196,) pit no gladiators against each other, “but we send our armies out, of a hundred thousand in blue and gray, and look at their butchery of each other very coolly,—

through the newspapers,— and dine on *pâté de fois gras*.” The implied comparison is unworthy of the author. If our battles are no more to us than gladiatorial shows, Mr. Mitchell’s work is useless. A country that is not worth fighting for is not worth cultivating.

We should care little for this blemish, if *My Farm at Edgeworth* were a less deserving book. It has the vitality which springs from love of and acquaintance with nature, and will long be read as one of the best and pleasantest pictures of a New England farm, and of the charms and drawbacks of our New England country life.

11.— *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. pp. v., 225.

IT is no wonder that Mr. Longfellow should be the most popular of American, we might say, of contemporary poets. The fine humanity of his nature, the wise simplicity of his thought, the picturesqueness of his images, and the deliciously limpid flow of his style, entirely justify the public verdict, and give assurance that his present reputation will settle into fame. That he has not *this* of Tennyson, nor *that* of Browning, may be cheerfully admitted, while he has so many other things that are his own. There may be none of those flashes of lightning in his verse that make day for a moment in this dim cavern of consciousness where we grope; but there is an equable sunshine that touches the landscape of life with a new charm, and lures us out into healthier air. If he fall short of the highest reaches of imagination, he is none the less a master within his own sphere,— all the more so, indeed, that he is conscious of his own limitations, and wastes no strength in striving to be other than himself. Genial, natural, and original, as much as in these latter days it is given to be, he holds a place among our poets like that of Irving among our prose-writers. Make whatever deductions and qualifications, and they still keep their place in the hearts and minds of men. In point of time he is our Chaucer,— the first who imported a finer foreign culture into our poetry.

His present volume shows a greater ripeness than any of its predecessors. We find a mellowness of early autumn in it. There is the old sweetness native to the man, with greater variety of character and experience. The personages are all drawn from the life, and sketched with the light firmness of a practised art. They have no more individuality than is necessary to the purpose of the poem, which consists of a series of narratives told by a party of travellers gathered in Sudbury Inn, and each suited, either by its scene or its sentiment, to the speaker